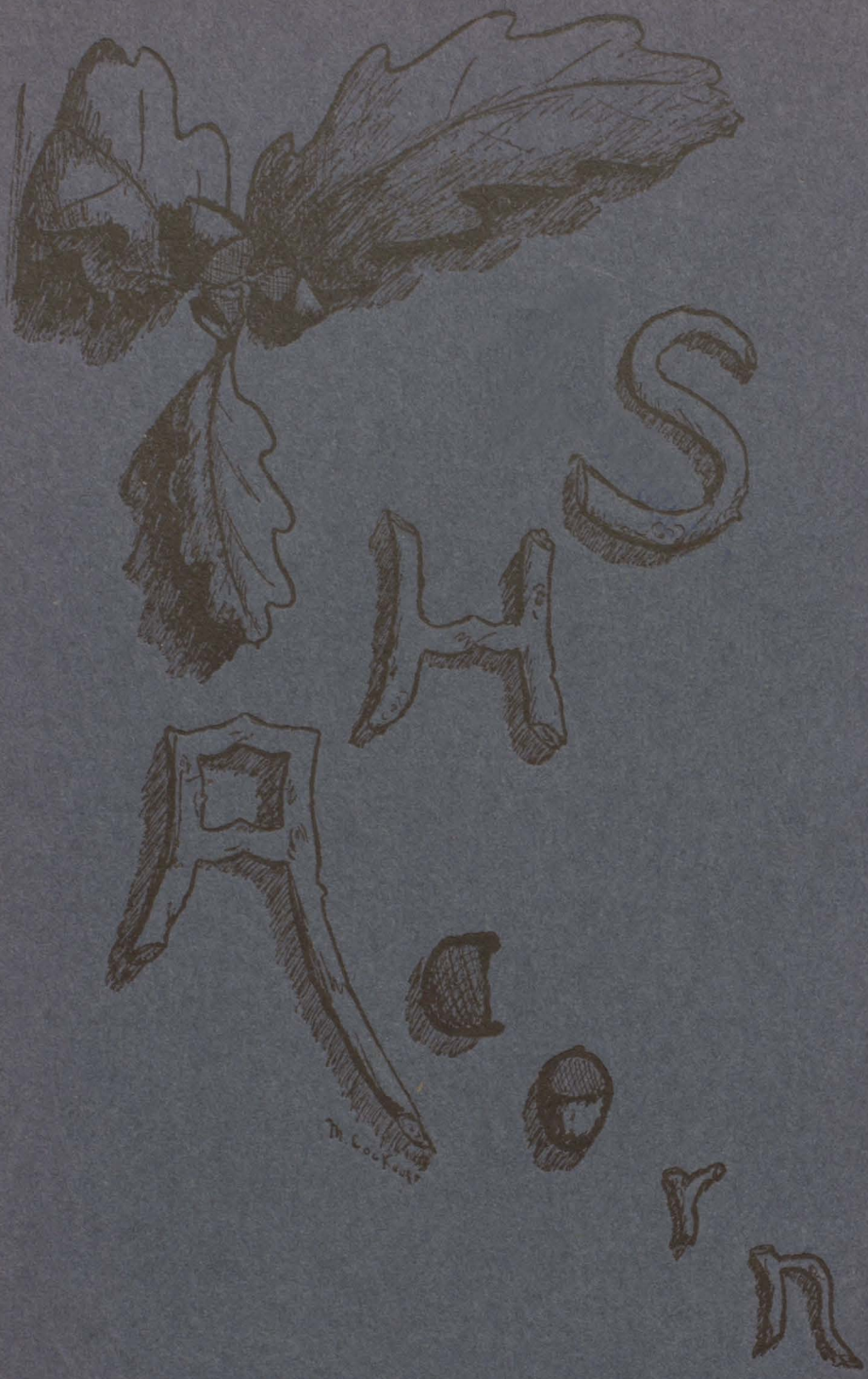

OCTOBER, 1906.

Published by the Pupils of the Alameda High School.

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Vol. XI. *ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL, OCTOBER, 1906.* *No. 2.*

The Winning of the Championship.

"Rah, Rah, Rah, Elton!" The old assembly hall fairly rocked as the last crashing line of the Elton High School yell was roared out by four hundred voices. The rally was at an end, and the noisy, enthusiastic crowd of students streamed through the halls and down the stairways as the meeting broke up. It was Friday afternoon, and the big rally was occasioned by the game for the football championship of the State, which was to be played with Wellington Academy on the following afternoon. Up to the year before, Elton High had won the league for five successive seasons, but that year the strong academy team had decisively defeated her eleven and wrested the coveted "champ." from her possession. All through the season, the E. H. S. boys had played with more than usual spirit, inspired by a grim determination to recover their school's cherished supremacy in the king of games, or—but no one had considered the alternative. They *had* to win, and they were going to win, and this unrelenting purpose had made them victors in every game which they had played so far. Now, with a splendidly developed team, which the untiring perseverence of the coaches had made a perfect machine for clock-like team play, trained to the hour, Elton intended to whip the Academy as that institution had never been whipped before. It was with this idea uppermost in mind that every boy and girl who wore the red and blue of Elton High left the school building on the afternoon before the game.

Jim Stevenson, center rush and captain of the team, was walking home with Harry Blair, the right halfback, and mainstay of Elton's hopes. Blair was a powerfully built fellow, tall and strong, and a magnificent player. He was easily the best individual man of the whole eleven; his ability at drop and place kicking had scored many points for his school during the season. Harry was a universal favorite among his fellow-students, and prominent in all school affairs. Without him it was well understood that Elton's team was no match for the heavy veteran aggregation of the Academy. It was this knowledge which caused Dan Smith, the head coach, to instruct Jerry Williams, his assistant, to follow Blair home that afternoon, and "shadow" him wherever he went.

As Harry was reading that evening, or, to be more correct, trying to read, as he could see nothing except mental pictures of the game on the morrow, the telephone rang, and he tossed his book away and hurried to answer it. His heart fluttered strangely as a familiar, girlish voice greeted him. It was Winnie Edwards, a girl with whom Blair had gone to school for three years, and for whom he cared more than for everything else in this world put together. As the big fellow listened to her words of encouragement and confidence, his determination increased, until he felt ready to play the whole Wellington eleven single-handed. After Winnie's "Good-night!" came over the wire, Harry stood for some moments in front of the instrument, a great tenderness for his cheerful, light-hearted little friend welling up in him. As he turned away, the bell rang again. Mechanically he took down the receiver. "Hello, Blair! This is Molson. We are to meet in room 57 of the Imperial Hotel, where the rooters are to assemble, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Smith has got a bunch of secret signals to give us, so Stevenson decided to hold the pow-wow where we can be alone. Nine o'clock, mind! Good-night." Harry hung up, wondering what made Albert Molson's voice sound so strange. "Bert must be in a blue funk already," he muttered to himself. Then he went up-stairs and to bed.

At nine-thirty Saturday morning Stevenson rang up the Blair home and asked for Harry. Myrtle Blair told him that her brother had already left for the football grounds. "Gee whiz! Harry must be anxious," thought Jim. "Never knew him to get up in the air before a game yet." He dismissed the matter from his mind, and proceeded to the corner, where he had arranged to meet Bill Spencer, the left end, with whom he boarded a car for the game.

When the Elton captain reached the grounds, he found every one there but Blair. "Why," he said to Smith, "Myrtle told me he left the house about half-past eight. Perhaps he has come with Win." Jim hurried up in the bleachers, and found Winnie sitting with half a dozen of her girl friends, decked out in blue and red. "Have you seen Harry this morning, Win?" he asked, his voice betraying his anxiety. "He hasn't arrived yet, and I don't know where he can be." "Why, no," replied the girl, a sudden fear catching at her heart. "I haven't seen him since the rally yesterday. Oh, Jim, what do you suppose has happened?" But Stevenson had sprung down six steps at a jump, and was shouting for Smith. "Dan, these dirty sneaks have kidnapped Blair!" he yelled, and then burst out with a furious string of invective directed at Wellington Academy in general and the football team in particular. The old coach faced him fiercely. "Where's Williams?" he asked. "I told Jerry to watch Harry Blair and bring him to the grounds himself. Neither Jerry nor Blair are here. Something's up!" The news sped like wild-fire among the rooters. Some of the Eltons were for rushing the red and black-draped section of the Academy in a body, and indulging in a free fight. The only ones unaffected by the commotion were the Academy players. They went out on the field, ran through their signals, and then squatted in a circle, while their captain, watch in hand, waited for ten-fifteen, the time when the game was to start. Five minutes before, he approached Stevenson and suggested that it was about time to toss up. The Elton captain glared at him. "My team is on the field," said the Wellington player. "If you are not ready to play when the whistle blows, we will claim the match by default." Jim tossed up, won, and chose to receive the kick-off. Then he called aside Henderson, the first sub. for half-back, and talked earnestly

to him for a moment. "Les," he concluded, "you have to play the game of your life to-day. We have to beat these cads; *have* to, understand." "All right, referee," as the official called to him. "Come on, fellows, hard, hard, *hard!*" as the teams took their positions. An elated taunt came from the Academy rooters. The Elton yell came back in a defiant roar through the mass of blue megaphones. Captain Stevenson looked up for a moment at his school, saw the huge "Elton" in blue on red bunting hanging above the section, saw the pennants which the co-eds were waving, saw Charley Thompson, the yell leader, standing before his followers. His eyes rested on the slight figure of a girl in a white sailor, standing alone by herself and looking straight at him. Then he turned, raised his hand above his head as a signal to the referee that he was ready, and sprang forward down the field as the ball soared up over his head from the foot of the Academy kicker. The game was on!

Molson caught the ball cleanly and squarely, and, behind superb interference, ran it in twenty yards. Blake, Elton's quarter, gained twelve yards on a quarterback run, and then Elton's backs slowly bucked their way down the field. The Wellington team put up a stiff defense, and finally on their twenty-five yard line, massed Elton back for a loss, and secured the ball. Instead of kicking, as was expected, they began to hammer their opponent's line. Their heavy halves tried the blue and red line at every conceivable point, and pounded their way to the middle of the field. Here a short quarterback kick, which did not carry half way to Blake in the back field, was recovered by the Academy end, and carried to Elton's fifteen yard line. Excitement was at fever heat. Could Elton hold? Pale to the lips, Olive Thornton, the girl whom Jim had seen from the field, saw a tandem formation go through center for four yards. Three bucks more, and by sheer weight Wellington shoved the ball across the goal line. As the men got up, Henderson threw his headguard to the ground and cursed himself. Moulthrop, the guard through whom the last play had come, lay on his face, sobbing bitterly. Only Stevenson was unmoved and determined as before. However badly things might go against them, it was Jim's duty to keep up the hearts of his men, and not allow them to become discouraged. Wellington kicked the goal, an easy one, making the score six to zero in favor of the Academy. Elton kicked off, and the struggle was resumed. Up and down the field the ball was carried. Blake tried a kick at goal from placement from the thirty-five yard line. It was blocked, and a Wellington player fell on the ball. Again the Academy came up the field, nearer and nearer to the goal. It seemed as if Elton had lost the power to stop her opponents. The ball was on the four-yard line when the referee's whistle blew for the end of the first half. The two teams were hustled into their dressing rooms by their trainers, and the coaches began to give them what was needed. Above, the two rooting sections waited; one exultant and cheering, the other wrapped in gloom.

Suddenly a yell came from an Elton fellow sitting in the far end of the bleachers. He sprang to his feet, and pointed to a group of five figures hurrying across from the gate. Every one saw instantly that they were Harry Blair, the missing halfback, and Williams, the coach, escorted by three burly policemen. The entire Elton part of the grandstand was on its feet, cheering like mad. Stevenson darted out from the dressing room, gave one shout, and seizing Harry by the arm, fairly dragged him into the room and began to help him into his football clothes. As the whistle blew for the second half, and the Elton team ran out upon the field, a frenzied roar came from the red and blue section.

Harry looked up. Winnie was gazing at him proudly, her lips parted and her hands clasped. That sight was all that was necessary. Blair took his place; there was a dangerous gleam in his eye, and his jaw was set. High School kicked off to the Academy, the runner was downed almost in his tracks. After a futile attempt to advance the ball, Wellington punted. Elton took the ball instantly, and commenced to smash down the field. They carried it to the fifteen yard line, but there it was fumbled, and Wellington got it. The Academy team bucked up the field and finally punted again. Elton, playing like demons, hurled themselves toward their opponent's goal. On the five yard line Wellington made a final effort to hold. On the next play, Blair was literally thrown over the line for a touchdown. The world seemed to turn blue and red as Blake coolly kicked the goal. The score was six to six.

Wellington kicked off, and the struggle was renewed. The snatching of what they had regarded as certain victory from the Academy players made them desperate. Play grew fiercer. Molson was carried off the field. Blake's face was covered with blood. Back and forth the teams went swaying. Academy punted. It was Elton's ball on the fifty yard line, and two more minutes alone remained to play. Blair stepped back for a punt. The Wellington half turned and ran down the field to receive the ball. Stevenson passed the ball straight and true. Harry caught it, the left half buckled into the opposing end and hurled him to the ground. Blair was clear and running like a fiend. The half and quarter who were in the back field ready for the expected punt came tearing up at him. It all passed through Blair's mind like a flash. He saw that he could not escape being tackled, and he knew that if he were downed here, that Elton would not have time to make the touch-down before the end of the game. Now came the great deed of the match. Harry gave one quick look at the ground in front of him, and with a magnificent drop kick, sent the ball sailing through the air. It passed through the posts, and Elton High School had won by the score of ten to six.

F. R. C. '07.

The Prize Debate.

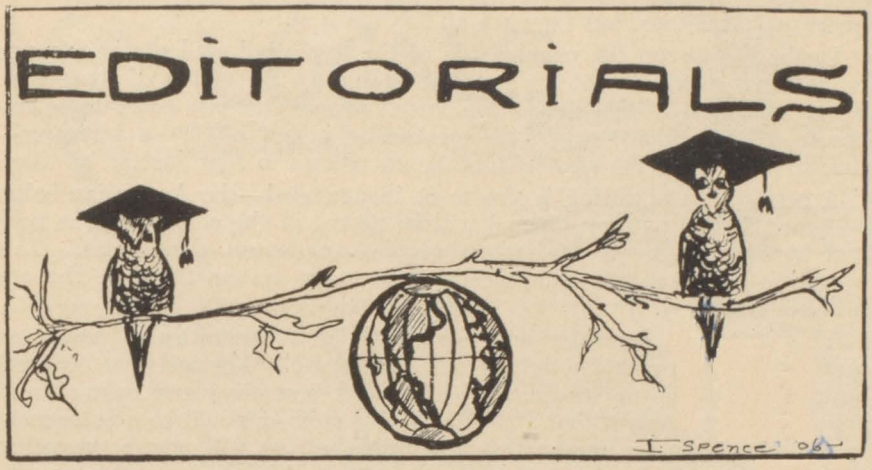
The rock upon which Dick Carraway and Horace Blake founded their friendship was simply mutual admiration. They had entered college together, and from the first they had taken the strongest liking to each other, until now they had become almost inseparable.

Both were very much interested in debating, and when a two hundred dollar debating prize was offered, both entered the contest with a will. Their only sorrow was that Horace was given the negative side of the question, while Dick was requested to uphold the affirmative. Each worked by himself, and there was to be no comparison of ideas, no hearing of each other's speech.

Daily, Horace could be seen walking on the campus, reading to himself, and daily Dick sat in his room writing and re-writing.

One afternoon, near the time set for the contest, Dick was strolling through the campus, "freshening up a bit," as he called it, before working on his debate again. Suddenly, in the grass before him, he saw something white. Stooping, he perceived that it was a rolled paper. Seating himself

(*Continued on Page 11.*)



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THE JOSHER.

Here is a subject that is of vital interest to the school, and one that to our mind is worthy of a little attention. It seems that certain members of the school do not take the joshes on them in the proper spirit; in fact, they take great exception to them. To us, this does not seem exactly fair, when you stop and think what a josh-box is for, and what a josh column really is. Every one agrees that the joshes are one of the most important factors of the paper; that they add spice and interest to it; and yet, how are we going to publish joshes when every time one hits home, there is hard feeling and complaining about it? If any one can suggest a means of having joshes without their being joshes, kindly bring this to the notice of the staff, as it would be greatly appreciated.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

At last the school may boast of what really can be termed a constitution —one by which the school can be run legitimately and consistently. There are numerous radical changes which will necessarily have to come about under its provisions, but they are all for the best.

In the first place, the membership of the associated students is going to be restricted to those who are really interested in the affairs of the school. To be a member of this association, very nominal dues are going to be imposed. This will necessitate the creation of a new officer—a treasurer—thereby increasing the associated students' officers to four instead of three.

A new system of voting is also to be inaugurated—the Australian ballot system. All the names proposed will be posted in the office, and the polls will be open there all day, where people can deposit their votes. This system will add dignity and prove to be more systematic than the one hitherto employed.

The executive committee will henceforth be a committee of ways and means, taking all school activities under its control. Formerly the different activities had been under distinct bodies, each governing and ruling themselves. It was thought that a change in this method would be a betterment to the school, for the reason that all responsibilities will now be vested in this one body, which will be accountable to the school for everything under its control.

Although a number of students may disapprove of this new arrangement, it will undoubtedly prove beneficial to the school as a whole, and the work of those who drew it up ought to be appreciated by each and every member of the school.

• • •

"EXCHANGES."

Heretofore the school has not had an opportunity of seeing the exchanges. They are very interesting, and help to keep one in closer touch with other schools. In order to give the school the benefit of reading them, the Exchange Editor will be in the Acorn office every recess, and all who wish to avail themselves may take this opportunity to do so.

The class of December, '06, has finally decided upon their senior play, namely, "The Modern Cinderella," and rehearsals are to commence very soon. The class considers itself very fortunate in obtaining Miss Hohfeld as a coach, as she has shown her great ability in the coaching of previous plays. The play chosen is a very picturesque and pleasing comedy of four acts, and music is to be introduced. A great success is looked forward to, owing to the previous successes of different members of the class.

* * *

Another class has arrived at the dignity of having class pins—the Middle B. Let us hope that they will be permitted to wear them in peace and contentment, without the unkind criticism that former classes have had to undergo.

The regular meeting of the class of June, '08, was held September 12th. The election of officers for the ensuing term were as follows: Miss Mary Teller, President; Paul H. Kuhns, Vice-President; Miss Beatrice Stedman, Secretary; Miss Erna Seeger, Treasurer. A strong class feeling is very evident among the members, which certainly is very encouraging.

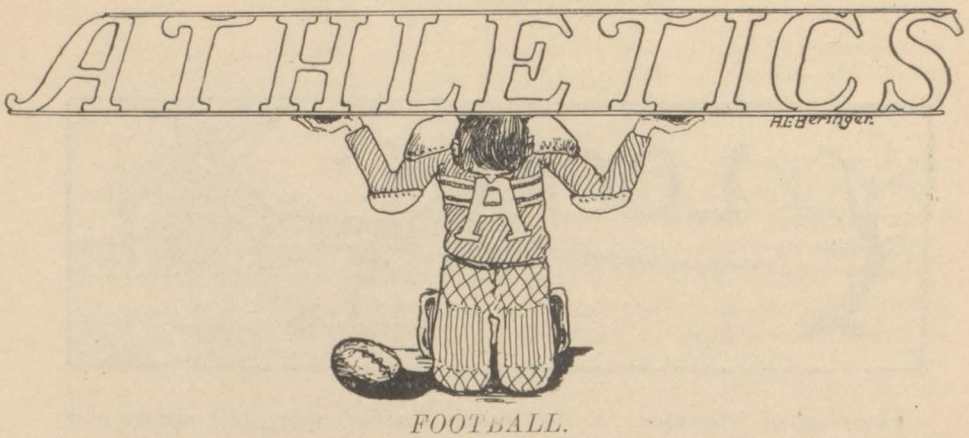
SCHOOL NOTES.

On Friday afternoon, September 21st, the Junior B class presented their musical and literary entertainment. Judging from the applause which followed, it was enjoyed by the entire student body. "Mrs. Maloney on the Chinese Question," "Brutus and Cassius Up-to-Date," and "A Roman Queener," were in the humorous strain, and caused many hearty laughs. The musical selections were excellently rendered and thoroughly enjoyed.

* * *

Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma gave a theatre party on Saturday afternoon, September 30th, in celebration of their anniversary. Thirty-four of the girls were present, and a jolly good time made the occasion a happy one.

Miss Helen Sutphen recently gave a recital as a farewell to her friends, before leaving for the East. She is going to pursue her musical studies at a school in New York.



FOOTBALL.

Saturday, September 15th, the team lined up against the eleven from Hitchcock Military Academy, and rolled up a score of twelve to nothing. The game was the first to be played this term under the amended rules, and conclusively demonstrated that henceforth football will be a much more open game, and more interesting from the spectator's standpoint. Early in the first half, Hitchcock was forced to punt from the five yard line; Dowdle broke through, and threw the kicker back over the goal line, scoring a safety, or two points. Near the close of the half, Paul punted from Alameda territory; the Hitchcock player in the back field fumbled the catch, and Kues, our left tackle, coming down the field like a shot, grabbed the ball, and evading two tacklers, ran forty yards to a touchdown. The half closed without further scoring. In the second period, we carried the ball by straight bucks half the length of the field to a second touchdown. The work of the team showed great improvement over that of the Fruitvale game; the fellows played faster and surer and with good spirit. Alameda's chances grow brighter with each week's practice, and we expect this year's eleven to surpass even the high record left by the naught-five team, and to do that, as every one knows, we shall have to go some.

About the middle of September, the team was fortunate enough to secure the services of Jack Belknap, who played quarterback for two years on Dartmouth, and was considered one of the greatest field generals who ever wore the big "D." Since leaving college he has never yet coached a losing team. "Nuf ced."

F. R. C.

* * *

TACKLES	CENTER	GUARDS
Foster	Dowdle	Frick
Kues		Gale
Bruzzone	FULL-BACKS	Bronson
	McFarland	Bates
	Paul	J. Bruzzone
ENDS	Siegfried	
Brush		
Gunten	QUARTER-BACKS	HALF-BACKS
Sundell	Melcer	Fassett
Nason	Butler	Greenwell
Everts	Seagrave	Jackson

Squad of 23.

TRACK.

Alameda High School, 50; Wilmerding School, 44; Lowell High School, 32—this was how the score stood when the last event of the triple meet between these schools on September 22d had been run. When it is remembered that Lowell High was second in the Spring A. A. L., only four points behind the O. H. S. champions, and that Wilmerding is one of the powers of the S. F. A. L., the significance of the victory may be understood. The merits of our track team, which have been kept carefully in the dark by those "in the know" all this term, are now a proven fact. We have met and defeated two of the strongest track teams of the San Francisco high schools.

Captain Macaulay was the star of the meet. He won the fifty, two twenty, and four forty yard dashes, took second in the broad jump, third in the high jump, third in the pole vault, and ran the final lap of the relay, which we easily won. Jackson was the individual surprise of the day. He went in without a day's training or preparation of any sort, and his showing in the sprints was splendid. In the 100 yard dash he was just beaten by Captain Read of Lowell, who won in the fast time of 10 2-5 seconds, the same time as that made in this event in the last A. A. L. Jackson also came a close third in the fifty, and in the relay he fairly ran away from his opponents. We expect great things from "Heinie" in the two big October meets. Sepulveda was another of our strong men. He ran a corking good relay lap, and in the 220 yard dash Harry surprised himself and everybody else by running a dead heat with Macaulay in 23 4-5 seconds. He also ran third in the hundred. Perkins took second in the quarter mile and third in the furlong. Kues, although under the weather with a strained tendon, ran a great relay lap, and took second in the high jump. Kochendorffer and Shattuck took third in the mile and two mile runs respectively. The former is one of the most promising young distance runners at present in A. H. S. In the weights, we had only one man, Frick, who made a game fight to win the shot put, but finished second. Altogether, our track team this year is stronger than ever before, and should be somewhere near the top in all the field days this season. Captain Macaulay and Manager Sepulveda are doing all in their power to make this our banner term in track athletics, and from present indications they are going to succeed.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There have not been many new developments in girls' athletics since the last Acorn went to press. The members of the athletic association have decided that the girls playing basket-ball shall be divided into two teams, the members of the sub-junior and junior classes forming one team, while those of the middle and senior classes form the other. So far, the two lower classes have shown the most activity and enthusiasm. Their first meeting was held about two weeks ago for the purpose of electing a captain and a manager. Miss Alice Rank was elected to fill the first office, while Miss Ethel Murray was chosen to act as manager.

So far, both young ladies have shown their ability to fill the office assigned to them. Under the captaincy of Miss Rank, the team is doing excellent work, and Miss Murray has already succeeded in arranging for a practice game with Horton's, which took place on the 28th of September at Horton's court. The team had quite a large number of supporters at this, their first outside game. If more of the girls who do not play would go to see the games they would begin to realize what an enjoyable and healthful exercise they are missing, and their enthusiasm would be aroused.

The team was composed of the following: Centers—Rank, Wood, Lamborn. Guards—Dudley, Sackett, Neighbor. Goals—Dimond, Gordenker, Murray.

Although our team was not victorious, the girls certainly played a splendid game, and it was not due to the fault of any of the players that the score was nine to four in favor of Horton's.

Next Friday, another game is to be played with the same school, at the same place, and we feel confident that the victory will be ours.

Last year's team also held a meeting a week or so ago, and elected the captain for this term's championship team. Miss Hilda Coulter was unanimously elected to fill the office, and since the girls of the middle and senior classes were not able to definitely settle the question of captaincy for their team, Miss Coulter has been asked to hold that position temporarily.

The team has not yet been chosen which is to represent the middlers and seniors, chiefly because the girls fail to appear at practice. Now, girls, do wake up. It is traditional in school that no freshman shall vanquish a senior, and yet the "scrubs" this term are forging far ahead of you, and will remain so, unless you rouse yourself by a mighty effort. Some of the

higher classmen have even been heard to complain that the lower classmen order them around too much. Why, of course they'll order you around just as long as they are in the majority. The thing to do is to put them in the minority and then you can do the "bossing."

The upper class girls are the ones who are detaining the court-day, and by so doing are preventing the other team from inviting any school to play on the Alameda court, which is hardly a fair thing to do. So once again let me urge you all to come out and practice, and help the work along. "Every little bit helps," you know.

The Prize Debate.

(*Continued from Page 4.*)

on a near-by bench, he unrolled the manuscript, and there before his astonished eyes, saw an entire argument for his side of the question. Should he read it? Should he keep it? Should he seek the owner? He read it through, and the excellence of the arguments at once appealed to him. How much better they were than his own! Would any one suspect if he kept it? What matter, anyway? "Finders keepers," he thought. And yet it was dishonest.

At last temptation got the better of him, and slipping the paper into his pocket, he hurried home. But all the while his conscience troubled him, and the thought: "Whose debate have I?" haunted him.

Slight inquiry revealed no owner, and he made good use of the debate, learning it almost wholly.

At last the eventful night arrived, and as they took their place on the platform, Horace was aware of the extreme pallor of his friend, and attributed it to the fact that he was to be first speaker of the evening.

As Dick rose to give his address, Horace gave him a smile of encouragement, and then settled himself to pay close attention to the argument, since he was to be next speaker. Suddenly, as Dick began his debate, Horace stiffened in his chair, his eyes rounded with amazement as, word for word, he recognized the speech as one which *he* had written in order to have arguments to tear to pieces. As a full realization of the fact that Dick must have in some way obtained possession of the documents dawned upon him, he leaned back in his chair with a smile.

Upon the conclusion of Dick's speech, the audience became more than enthusiastic. The building fairly swayed with the hand-clapping and college yells. Three-fourths of his hearers then and there settled the prize upon Dick without further opposition.

Then came Horace. Quietly, calmly, he began to speak, and quietly, calmly, one by one, he tore down the arguments of the preceding speaker, leaving not a point undisputed. At the conclusion of his speech there was a perfect uproar in the place. His colleagues shouted themselves hoarse, his audience clapped and clapped—even the judges beamed approval.

It was, therefore, no surprise to the assemblage when the decision was unanimously awarded to Horace Blake, but surprise is no word for the emotion Dick felt when Horace whispered: "Say, old man, you did me a jolly good turn by using those arguments of mine. You know, I always write up both sides of a question. But where in the world did you find it?"

IRENE WELP, '07½.

ALUMNI NOTES

Eleanor French, December, '04, has left Alameda and is attending a school on the Hudson with Gertrude Comfort.

Russell Baker, June, '06, has just returned from his Eastern trip.

We hear that Irma Taylor, December, '02, who has been visiting in Texas, has announced her engagement.

Francis Maslin, June, '06, is now attending St. Mary's College.

We hear that Ted Lynch, June, '06, has made Chi Phi at U. C.

Roswell Dague, June, '06, has made his first appearance on the stage in New York in "The Prince of India."

Harry Nason, June, '06, is taking a P. G. course this term.

Leland Scott, June, '06, has been initiated into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Stanford.

With kindest apologies to "Dearie," from the High Seniors.

The term's rolling by, day by day,
All things must end, so they say.
We none of us want to be dreamers of dreams.
Ah, that doesn't give us our rec 's, so it seems,
For we dream of them all the term through.
Just the same sweet old song, never new,
Sometimes we think that if we could but see
Our glorious rec's, what a dream it would be.

Chorus—Respectfully dedicated to our teachers.

Dearie—my dearie!
Nothing's worth while but we'd do for you;
Ah, that you'd help make our dreams come true.
Dearie—my dearie!
Change all our threes, and make them ones, please,
My dearie!

THE COLLEGE MAN.

Dedicated to Harry Sepulveda.

My son, consider now the college-man.

He hath trowsers which seem even as though they had been fashioned for the elephant.

For great is the fullness thereof, and likewise great is the emptiness of the fullness.

They flap about his knees; and at his ankles they roll up even as a scroll.

And his coat, it hath buttons up the sides thereof, even unto his armpits.

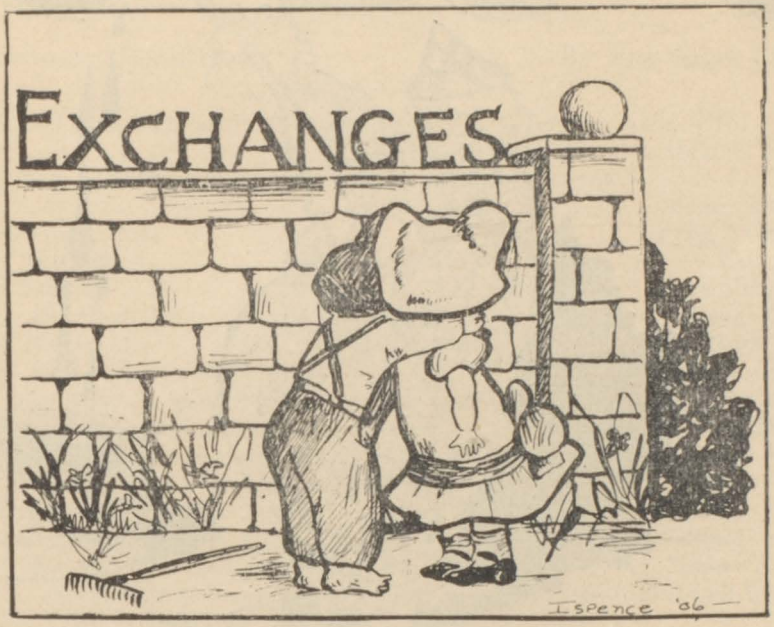
And the waist, it pinched in upon him, and the tails of his coat stick out even as a shelf.

Yea, and he weareth socks that make a louder sound than the glass crash in "Lohengrin," and his necktie and his handkerchief, do they not match for hue?

And his hat, hath it not a band of many colors, like unto a festive barber pole?

Even so.

Selah!



EXCHANGES.

In this issue we have decided upon mature consideration to let our Uncle Joshua, who has been fully taken into our confidence, speak for us.

"Wa'al, that paper over thar at the High School hain't had but five o' them papers they call exchanges, ever sence school begun. I cal'late it's some hard to write a page about four exchanges. They've sent out purty nigh sixty Acorns this month, and it sure ought to have a lot of papers to criticise next month.

" D'you know, it's real interestin' to read them papers. Th' girls brings 'em down to me ev'ry once in a while, and I jest enjoy readin' 'em. They's lots o' good stories 'nd poems, at cetery, in 'em.

" The 'Arrow's' a very good paper, an' it's writ by children in grammar school, too.

"An' I like the cover on that thar 'Aegis' frum Oakland. It's almighty purty and hain't no foolishness in it.

" The 'Olla Podrida's' real good. I always like to see that. Whar's it come frum? Why, frum Berkeley, over thar where the university is.

"The 'Tocsin,' frum Santa Clara, just come. It's got a good story, but 't seems to me that th' cover ought to be made o' heavier paper. I see this one's torn some.

" The 'Heraldo' should oughter have some more cuts. It'd add quite some to the looks o' the paper. But taken all round, it's an almighty good one."

NOTICE.

Please don't ask Dorothy Tisdale about the "High" price of "Henns."

* * *

Jane—"Do you know, May, how 'Buck' Sundell got his nick-name?"
May—"Oh, Buck is such a dear (deer.)"

* * *

Mr. Gilbertson in modern history.—"Miss Pattiani, who was Peter the Great?"

Genevieve (after thinking a moment for a bluff)—"Well, wasn't he the one who ate the pumpkins?"

* * *

Who knows Gustavus Adolphus Michael Perraenus Rene? It might be said that he is Lloyd Burton's cousin.

* * *

THE SENIOR CLASS WISHES TO KNOW

"If you have seen Henry Jack's-son?"
"Who turned the Fasset?"
"Why is Mabel Wooden?"
"How many are there in Helen's-troupe?"
"Who stole Ida's-pence?"
"Is Mr. Cogs-well?"
"When was Irma Young?"

This term there has been such an interest taken in queening that the club will present a play, the 23d of next month. The admission will be twenty-three cents, and the proceeds will be used in building a home for old maids. Following is the programme:

QUEENS AND QUEENERS.

A Three-Act Melodrama. By Miss Agnes Frisius

Cast of Characters.

Will U. Loveme (a beautiful young man, who is seeking for a wife).....
.....Hiram Hamlet Helmet Hinck
Miss Eva Faithful (desperately in love with Mr. Loveme.).....
.....Grace Renner

Percy Cozycorner	Three Queeners	"Fritz" Claxton
Regy Heartache		Guy Kues
Algy Spooner		George Browning
Irene Holdmyhand	Three Queens	Irma Young
Rosy Hammock		Ruth Boltz
Lucy Mistletoe		Bessie Searle

Mr. Henpeck (a good but persecuted man).....Howard Fasset
Mrs. Henpeck (beautiful but vivacious).....Em. Lou Frisbie
Rev. P. C. Macfarland Smith (an energetic reformer).....Spencer Brush
Cupid (who plays a very important part).....Allen Frick
John (the chauffeur).....William Everts
"Billy" Zingg Jones (!!??!?).....William Foster
Detective Sherlock Holmes Brown (true to his name).....Homer Spence

The chorus will be composed of members of the girls' basket ball team.

The Lyceum Debating Society will serve refreshments.

SCENE—Alameda High School. *TIME—Present*

ACTS.

I—Low Senior dance.
II—Raid at "Billy" Zingg Jones's.
III—Scene I—City Jail. Scene II—The church.

* * *

APPROPRIATE SONGS FOR WELL-KNOWN STUDENTS.

"Fritz" Claxton—"When Love is 'Young.'"
"Boots" Everts—"Alice, Where Art Thou?"
Kenneth Standeford—"Come, Take a Skate with Me," Frances.
Frank Butler—"Baby, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy."
Marguerite Parr—"Jack's the Boy for Me."
Grace Renner—"Spooning."
Helen Bickford—"Every Little Bit Helps."
Byron Paul—"When the Convent Bells are Ringing."

* * *

Miss Cohen (in study period)—"Master Kues, why are you reading a library book instead of studying? What is the book?"

"My Friend and Sweetheart."

"The idea of a big six-footer like you reading a silly little love story. Those books are only for girls."

EXTRACT FROM MADAME BAVARDE'S SOCIAL CHAT.

G. A. R.—Is it proper for a young lady to go automobiling instead of dancing?

B. H. P.—When one is invited out to spend the evening, what is the proper time to go?

I. D. S.—How many times a day should a young gentleman be permitted to call on a young lady?

F. R. C.—Is it considered good form to play tennis without a chaperon?

H. J.—Can you suggest a remedy for blushing?

J. T.—How many times during an evening is it permitted to sit out dances with the same young gentleman?

R. H.—Is it allowable for a very tall young man to go with a very short young lady.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM "THE EXAMINER."

"William Shipp Everts, the thirteen-year-old boy chauffeur, entered the recent endurance race to Del Monte in his large National touring car. This young mahout has been running the French car owned by Heime, the confectioner. He speaks very highly of this machine, terming it as an ideal car."

* * *

WANTED.—A poet, wise or otherwise, by the josh editor. Don't be bashful, for here's a chance to help the paper out a lot.

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Miss Hohfield—"Master Jackson, define grammar."
H. J. (in undertone)—"The old lady of the family."

* * *

We see from the sporting page of the "War Cry" that Montie Haslett, a little high-school boy, has been ruined by his heavy gambling losses. From all the information that can be gathered, we learn that Montie indulged in a little game of seven and a half, and two bad boys (their identity being unknown as yet, but Defective Brown is hot on their trail) won his money. Some reports have it that he lost almost nineteen cents, while the more pessimistic place them at seventeen cents. He now sprinkles lawns and works in gardens, hoping to be on his feet again in a few months.

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